

## BETTER "L" SERVICE.

That Is What Brooklyn Seems to Be Soberly in Need Of.

Walking Declared Preferable to Riding on the "L."

Uncleanliness and Discomfort Features of the Present Management.

den scot at the risk of a broken limb. When mending, the water runs down the roof of the covered stairways in little streams onto the sidewalk and street. Sometimes a gust of wind comes along, catches up a bucketful of water and drenches some unfortunate passer-by.

The rolling stock of the Brooklyn Elevated roads is not all it might be. Some of the engines, for instance, are noisy, rattling contrivances which sport and rock along in a series of squeaky jerks.

A good many of the coaches, on the Kings county line especially, are rigged out with big broad windows, supposedly for the purpose of letting in plenty of daylight and affording a good view of the scenery en route. The idea is a good one and would be all right if the windows were kept clean. But so streaked and grimed with dirt and smoke are some of them that only a dim view can be had of the outside world.

In almost any of the stations along the Union company's lines there are broken panes in the cheap colored glass windows. Some of the holes are stopped up with paper or old rags, which look as if they had been doing duty for a long time.

There is also considerable complaint over the poor light after night in the "L" cars. The windows are grimed with dirt and smoke, and the light is a splendid thing to read a blind asthmatic. It is not necessary to read on the "L" roads.

"I always walk home from the end of the bridge, nowadays," said a Brooklyn citizen the other day. "I find I can do that and make better time as a rule than I would by taking the Elevated. There is always such a crowd of people on the cars that I prefer walking to the trouble and annoying inconveniences on the 'L' roads."

ON HALF OF THE CROWD GETS LEFT, OF COURSE.

"Being, as you see, somewhat corpulent I cannot rush pell-mell up and down stairs and through passage-ways to be among the first to get to the train so as to secure a seat. And if you don't hurry you must swing on a strap if you are lucky enough to get one. There are never enough coaches on the trains to accommodate passengers and the result is an awful squeeze. So, being fond of comfort, I shall not patronize them again until I can get value received."

This is the experience of many. It happens twice a day, six days in the week and a good part of Sunday. The Elevated roads cannot but be aware of the discomfort to which their patrons are daily put, yet no apparent effort is made to improve matters.

During the storm of last Thursday night a crowd of several hundred people stood on the platform at Vanderbilt and Myrtle avenues waiting for a downtown train. There was not room for all the crowd under the covered portion so some had to wait in the open space. A biting wind struck them and blew the blinding snow into their faces.

A train came along at last, almost empty, but not over half the waiting crowd was able to get aboard. Those who did were squeezed in like sardines. A number had to stand on the car platforms, where every one has a right to stand, and the chances of an attack of pneumonia. Those who were left behind could have walked to the bridge, and probably have been made comfortable in less time than it took to get there by cars.

The warm days which follow a snowstorm are to be dreaded around the "L" roads. Last Friday was such a one. It seems to be a rule of companies to let the snow stay on the premises until natural agencies remove it. If it is at all windy the snow is blown into the faces of passing pedestrians and teamsters.

As snow is blown around the "L" roads the snow begins to melt, little pools of water form and the station platform resembles a miniature lake. Instead of the water being swept off it is left to be evaporated by the sun.

A cold snap should set in the platforms or stairways are covered with ice. In consequence, and many a passenger takes a sudden fall.

Brooklyn Gossip.

The rapidity with which Police Justice Henry F. Haggerty turns off the work before him would surprise many of the more experienced persons. He has now, around the "L" roads, justice, but, however, judgments with leniency where such actions will best serve the public and the officer's good.

A lover of birds is the "sandwich" man who daily can be seen displaying the signs of J. H. O'Reilly's, near the corner of Brooklyn City Hall. At most any time of the day passers-by will notice hovering about his feet four of the pigeons who habitate the cupola of the city building. The man is a lover of the birds, and several times during the day he drops crumbs at his feet for them to eat. He is very solicitous of their safety, and the cooing creatures may be sure of protection when around their friend.

The members of the Young Women's Christian Association are looking forward and making plans for the time when they shall open their new building now being rapidly pushed to completion at the corner of Schermerhorn street and Flatbush avenue. It will be a handsome structure, large and conveniently arranged for their work, and all Brooklyn people are busy proud of the building and the Association who will occupy it.

There is a big, rosy-cheeked driver down at the bridges who has a good deal of fun at the expense of other drivers who do not know him. His appearance is jovial, and when not excited he is as mild a mannered man as a teamster would care to meet. Upon occasion, though, he can lash himself into a rage, and then few men would like to stand before him in any kind of fight. It is when his truck is mixed up in a jam that he comes out on the street that he makes use of his stature and threatening aspect. He carries a huge cobblestone, and when he becomes involved in an altercation with another teamster he seizes the stone, grows red in the face and with rage and makes a feint that would convince the boldest that it is about time to dodge. When his adversary has sought shelter under his wagon or run off, he indulges in convulsions of laughter, and several policemen have their eye on him and are waiting the time when he will tackle the wrong man.

Will Defend Pastor Dixon.

Benjamin F. Tracy, Secretary of the Navy, has been engaged as counsel by the Rev. A. C. Dixon, of the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, in the suit for libel brought against him by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll for saying that the Colonel had been the upholder of the publication of an immoral literature.

## BROOKLYN.

## SWUNG A BIG CARVING-KNIFE.

Powers Made His Brother-in-Law Jump from a Window.

Then He Nearly Beheaded a Boy and Escaped.

A general alarm has been sent out by the Brooklyn police for the arrest of Michael Powers, a young laborer, who is wanted for having stabbed Frank O'Grady, fifteen years old, who lives at 1000 Sunset street.

Powers lived with his sister, Mrs. Ellen O'Grady, at the above address. Shortly before midnight he awoke from a drunken sleep and accused his brother-in-law, John O'Grady, of having stolen 20 cents from him. John indignantly refused the charge, and when Powers accused Frank of the theft, he also denied the accusation.

Powers became abusive and threatened to beat John. John grabbed a kerensie lamp from the table and hurled it at his brother-in-law. The missile missed its mark and was dashed to pieces against the wall.

A scuffle ensued between the men. John O'Grady saw Powers grab a big carving-knife and jumped out of the window to the back yard, a distance of twenty feet.

Powers then seized Frank O'Grady with the knife, passing it across the neck. The boy ran from the room, with blood streaming from the wound, to the policeman, who sent him to the Seelye hospital. The surgeons examined the gash and said it was not fatal.

The police went to look for Powers, but he could not be found. It is thought that he is not in the city, and that he is living in thirty-eighth street.

It will be a notable concert.

Entertainment Proposed in Aid of Brooklyn's German Hospital.

The chief desire of Brooklyn Germans just now is the success of the project to establish a German hospital. Money is needed for the purpose, but the promoters of the public charity do not want to ask for anything.

Instead of begging money, they are going to ask people to buy tickets for a concert which they are going to give and in which Brooklyn's best talent will participate.

The concert will take place April 4 in the Laboratory of the German Hospital. The program is arranged as follows:

1. Overture—Fanny—Wagner.  
2. "Die Meistersinger"—Baldassari.  
3. "Die Meistersinger"—Baldassari.  
4. "Die Meistersinger"—Baldassari.  
5. "Die Meistersinger"—Baldassari.

Dr. P. Bender and Mr. Chas. F. Hohmann, of Brooklyn, are the managers of the concert. They are looking for a large sum of money to the hospital fund. The names of the patrons of the proposed institution are:

NEARLY 102 YEARS OLD.

Mrs. Charlotte Post Smith Dies at the Age of 101 Years and 10 Months.

Brooklyn's most famous centenarian is dead. She died yesterday morning of grip at the house of her granddaughter, Mrs. E. J. Sletcher, 206 1/2 Third street, Brooklyn.

Partners Once Foes Now.

One of a Firm Causes the Other's Arrest with Two Women.

One Brooklyn business firm has fallen to be dissolved with all possible haste. One partner was a prisoner in Justice Waish's court this morning. His name is Frederick Lambert, and the complainant against him was May Meyer, his partner in the wholesale tobacco business.

## DEPUTY CORONER KELLY.

An Official Who Has a Splendid Record in Brooklyn.

Notable Occurrences in The City of Churches.

Paragaphs That Photograph a Day's History.

Stole a 25-Cent Basket of Wood.

Purgars in a Tailor Shop.

Helped Himself to the Po-k.

Wasn't Dead at the Window.

But Mrs. McLoughlin Died While Her Husband Was Seeking a Doctor.

Crippled by an Unknown.

Brooklyn's Police Matrons.

Deserved Promotion of the Navy Yard's Commandant.

Mrs. Kelly's Suicide.

She Became Dependent and Swallowed a Dose of Poison.

Fire in a Frame Tenement.

Three Families Lost Their Furniture and One Woman Was Hurt.

Policeman Tice Must Suffer.

Machinery Crushed His Hand.

Deaths in Brooklyn.

Farewell Services in a Church.

Bids for Brooklyn Bridge Bonds.

Might Become Ghost Dancers.

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Economical and effective is THE WORLD'S REAL ESTATE INDEX.

## CUT HIS LANDLORD'S THROAT.

Ex-Convict Lawn Held in Brooklyn for Murder.

The Tragedy Followed the Singing of "Comrades" Sunday Morning.

William Lawn, a painter by trade, sat in a cell in the First Precinct Police Station, Brooklyn, this morning, considering his chances for occupying a seat in the electric death chair.

His mother, a decrepit old woman of nearly sixty years, was at the same time wringing her hands in an agony of grief at the Butler street station, where her son, Michael Slattery, wife of the man whose throat was cut by Lawn at a dock yesterday morning during a drunken row at 188 Fourth avenue.

Lawn maintains a sullen silence, and when questioned by officers says he has no recollection of any of the occurrences of Saturday night and Sunday morning.

The prisoner is a man of about thirty years, stoutly built, with a square jaw, dark hair and eyes and a heavy black mustache. He has only one arm. The stump of the right arm is not at all useless, however, and in many a fight, it is said, he has shown that he could use it with excellent effect.

When arraigned he listened closely as Justice Tiche inquired him that he was held for killing Michael Slattery.

Lawn was then taken to Police Headquarters and closely questioned. He persisted that he had no recollection of having injured Slattery or of having been in a fight. He was taken to the police station and held in custody.

Three months ago Lawn hired two furnished rooms of Michael Slattery, at 188 Fourth avenue, where Slattery lived with his wife and children and brother-in-law, John Ryan, and his mother occupied the two rooms above him. Lawn and his wife became quite intimate.

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## CURTAINS.

Sixth Ave., 20th to 21st St.

SPECIAL SALE

CURTAINS and FURNITURE

This Week.

500 pairs Figured Chenille

5.93 pair;

Reduced from 10.00.

275 pairs Figured Chenille

10.75 pair;

Reduced from 15.00.

FURNITURE.

500 Plush and Tapestry Seat

3.98 and 4.98;

Reduced from 5.98 and 7.98.

50 Finely Carved Rockers,

10.00;

Reduced from 15.00.

25 Parlor Suits, handsome

49.00;

Reduced from 100.00.

H. O'NEILL & CO.,

6th Ave., 20th to 21st St.

THE POLICE DON'T SHOOT WELL.

A Brooklyn Bobby Shot Fifteen

Times to Kill a Horse.

When horses have glanders they often have to be shot. The disease is contagious and owners find it expedient to rid themselves of the afflicted animals for the protection of well ones. The unpleasant duty of putting the poor brute out of the world generally devolves upon some officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and as a rule the man called upon to perform it is a police officer.

When a horse is afflicted with glanders, the police officer is called upon to shoot it. The disease is contagious and owners find it expedient to rid themselves of the afflicted animals for the protection of well ones. The unpleasant duty of putting the poor brute out of the world generally devolves upon some officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and as a rule the man called upon to perform it is a police officer.

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